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All on Account of Frances

BY MARGUERITE GEIBEL

IT was the last class meeting of the year. Miss Dalrymple's girls would meet on Sunday, of course, but the organized work would be discontinued because of vacations.

"Girls, I wish you would each carry on some little private plan that would correspond to class work. It is easy to get 'rusty' on helpfulness, like anything else. If you are all on the lookout, perhaps someone will have a good plan for our fall work."

"I have to earn pin money this summer," Frances Winters sighed. "There are so few things for a girl of thirteen, I wish the rest of you would pass on anything good you find."

Nearly every girl in the class had had the same thought. "Boys can do so many things, and girls need money just as badly," Florence Harmon added.

There seemed to be a general dearth of ideas on the subject, as there very often is. But, when twelve heads are working for a week, one—at least one—good idea is bound to result.

It came about in a most unusual way. Frances, on her way home from the store one day, saw just ahead of her Mrs. Hart and her small daughter, Dorothy, who lived almost opposite Frances. They nodded to her as they prepared to cross the street—Dorothy skipping in advance of her mother—and before Frances could call a warning, a machine had struck Dorothy and dragged her twenty feet. Mrs. Hart sank down in a heap, unconscious, while Frances, her heart pounding, reached the child just as the driver picked her up—unhurt! By a miracle, she had been lifted by the wheel, carried around and dragged by the dress behind the skidding wheels when the driver applied the brakes. The driver, himself thoroughly frightened, helped the speechless mother across the street to her own home, Frances following with Dorothy, who was rather indifferent to what had happened. When Frances had made tea for Mrs. Hart, and helped wash the child's small bruises, the mother spoke for the first time.

"I worry all the time," she said brokenly. "I believe most of the nervousness of women, which is so much scoffed at, is fear for their children's safety. I'm never free from it when Dorothy is out. Even



Courtesy of Dr. George L. Meylan
President Camp Directors Association

SUMMER DAYS IN CAMP

when I'm with her, she *will* forget and skip out into the street."

Frances comforted her as best she could. "It happened so quickly you couldn't help it. I saw what was bound to occur, but couldn't speak in time."

Dorothy was sympathetic, and seemed to regard her mother's fright as the important point. "I'll be awfully careful, Mother—truly I will," she assured solemnly, and could not understand the fresh tears which this evoked.

Frances and the driver left. And on the few steps to her home, was born Frances' big idea. It was Friday. Would the idea ever, ever keep until Sunday morning? Somehow it did. It was really too good to whisper to just one girl, or to tell over the phone to a few. Everyone, including Miss Dalrymple, must hear it at once. Mrs. Winters was quite as pleased as her daughter, when she heard it.

Needless to say, Frances arrived on Sunday quite early, and waited impatiently for the rest of the class.

"Has everyone thought of a plan for summer work?" she inquired when the last girl sat down.

The girls looked at one another expectantly, then disappointedly. No one had, they began to suspect.

But Frances was telling her story, beginning, as the White Rabbit had, at the beginning. She told vividly of the accident which had set her thinking. "That gave me an idea, girls. Our street is

busy—most streets are nowadays. I decided right then and there to start a playground in the vacant lot in our block. I've asked several of the mothers, and they are delighted with the idea, especially since hearing of Dorothy's near-accident. Many of them say they prefer to have their children's play supervised anyway. Some children don't play well together; some are rough; some do and say objectionable things. For one reason or another, the mothers will all be glad to pay for 'supervision'."

Miss Dalrymple clapped softly. "Fine, Frances. Notice, girls, that the idea is easily copied. Everyone has a block; nearly every block has a vacant lot; every block has children who need to be watched and cared for."

Then the questions began—a regular fusillade of them. They overlapped until they were hopelessly tangled. What hours? All day? Every day? How much will you be paid? Will you amuse them? Can you get the lot?

Alice covered her ears in self-defense, and girl-like, began at the last question.

"The man who owns the lot is willing—he didn't intend to build on it for a couple of years, anyway. The lot will be fitted up with whatever the children possess—swings, teeter-totters, a merry-go-round, a croquet set, sandpile, and at the very back, a garden."

"I'm to call for the children at 9.30 and return them at noon and 5.30. There will be milk and graham crackers served

in the middle of the morning and afternoon.

"I'm to read to them, teach them to sew, and 'jack up' those who are behind with their lessons. I'll make games of it; they may never discover that they are learning anything." Alice laughed with the rest at her Irish bull.

"The mothers were more than willing to pay fifty cents a week when they heard that I would teach them things. Of course I'll have time to do sewing, mending and reading of my own.

Mrs. Hart said it would 'instruct, amuse and safeguard at the same time.'

"Another woman said she paid more than that for the privilege of going down town once a week, as she had to engage someone to keep the children." Alice grew enthusiastic as she unfolded her plan. "I'm just bristling with ideas for it—reading to them when it is too hot to play in the sun and —"

"Won't you ever have an afternoon off, Frances?" Doris Blake wanted to know.

"Yes, indeed. Alma Featherly is interested, and will relieve me any time. She wants the money, and says she will be there most of the time, anyway."

Miss Dalrymple had listened in silence, partly from intention, partly from necessity.

"Your idea is the best ever, Frances. I've often thought that most of the quarrels and accidents could be prevented, if children all played together. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but that is the way I played as a youngster. The whole block gathered in a vacant lot, or someone's yard. The crowd saw to it that everyone played fair. Where two or three children play together, there is not one to settle disputes. Some of the children who played in our crowd were not angels, but they were aware of the fact that if they wanted to be counted in, they must play square—no rough talk, actions or unfairness. That's going to be a big advantage, aside from the teaching and safety."

The bell rang, and the class was all attention, as the superintendent began to address the school. For an hour, the playground project lay dormant, to be resumed when Sunday School was over.

Thus began the summer, busily indeed, with nearly every girl in the "playground business." Someone had suggested that they give one-twentieth of their earnings to the class treasury, as it had been made possible by way of the class. This was agreed upon readily enough, with the result that the usual treasury slump was avoided.

No one could foresee the outcome of Frances' thoughtfulness. The girls saw with regret the approach of the end of summer and their source of profit. They did not know that Miss Dalrymple had been busy secretly, and had a fresh surprise in store for them.

"If the truth must be told, girls, I've had all I could do to keep my secret. However, I didn't want any disappoint-

ment, and I've managed to bear up under the strain. Apparently, most of you haven't heard, or have forgotten that the Automobile Club offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best 'device' for preventing accidents to children. When Frances unfolded her plan, I went to one of the committee right away. He was very enthusiastic, and told me that he would see that Miss Winters received due consideration, but the award wasn't to be made until the end of the summer, the idea being to encourage as many people as possible to compete—the more plans the better." He told me yesterday that the award was practically certain to go to Miss Winters. The 'playground in every block' idea has spread further than we realize."

The girls were wildly excited, as much because of the honor to one of their number, as the prize she might receive. Miss Dalrymple was none too optimistic. A few days later, newspapers carried accounts of the unique idea. To quote direct:

"Miss Frances Winters, thirteen years old, has been awarded the fifty dollar prize offered by the Automobile Club for the best 'device' for preventing accidents to children. She has founded a neighborhood playground. The idea has become popular, spreading like the proverbial wildfire in our own city, as well as in others. There were ten more deaths last year than this, among children, as a direct result of automobile accidents. Incidentally the playground solves many problems beside the one under consideration. We congratulate Miss Winters as a helpful citizen, as well as winner of the prize."

"All this," said Miss Dalrymple the following Sunday, "is the result of Frances' doing something—instead of saying, 'Isn't it too bad?' and forgetting the accident."

"It never would have been heard of, if the girls hadn't taken it up," Frances deprecated.

"As treasurer of this class," Doris Blake spoke with dignity, "I can prove that it was a success financially as well as theoretically." This Doris proceeded to do by reading the most satisfactory report in the history of the class.

Rolling Ocean

BY HELEN L. PADDOCK

"ROLLING Ocean, bring me sea-shells,

Purple, pink, and white,
You have more than you can play with,
Rolling Ocean, be polite!"

Rolling Ocean laughs and brings me
Six brown pebbles, sea-weed strings,
And a starfish, and a bubble,
And some other funny things.

"Seek the shells," I hear him whisper.
So I hunt for them. It's fun;
But I know if I don't hurry,
He may take back every one!

The Royal Punisher

BY RUBY HOLMES MARTYN

ZACCAI had done so many naughty things that the King, his father, had sent for the Royal Punisher.

"I'm not going to stay here to be punished," thought Zaccai. "I'll run away into the Big Forest."

At first it seemed great fun to run along the paths in the Big Forest, but he soon grew tired and rather scared and very hungry. Among the shadows just ahead he thought he saw the Lady-in-Waiting whom he had teased, watching for him with a slipper in her hand; and when he ran in the opposite direction he was sure the Royal Cook, whose Sugar Shaker he had hidden, was chasing him with the carving knife. The Castle Dog that he tormented was certainly barking lustily at a distance.

It began to grow dark, too, and Zaccai was greatly relieved to see the lighted windows of a little house in a little yard beside the lonely path. He rushed to the door, and remembered to knock courteously before he opened it.

"Ah! I am glad to see thee!" cried the little man who stood in the bright, tidy room. "I want thee to stay here two days."

"All right," agreed Zaccai, thinking how nice it would be to stay hidden at this pleasant place.

"Then I'll right away to the Castle to punish Prince Zaccai for teasing the Lady-in-Waiting, and hiding the Royal Cook's Sugar Shaker, and tormenting the Castle Dog. I'm the Royal Punisher and this is the first time Zaccai has been naughty enough to need the services of my Official Switch. I'd most forgotten it until the King sent for me this day," explained the little man as he put on a big cloak, and lighted a horn lantern to carry, and took the Official Switch from its keeping place. "Take good care of Kitty Puss and Fido and Mooly Cow."

"I will," said Zaccai, who was most of all anxious that the Royal Punisher should get away without recognizing him.

"I'll be back in less than two days," promised the Royal Punisher as he hurried away with the lighted lantern and his Official Switch.

Zaccai barred the door, and found milk and some delicious frosted cakes for supper, and went to bed in a room up-stairs. But when he had slept a short while he wakened all asweat from a bad dream, and he lay shuddering under the bed clothes until morning dawned and he could see the Royal Cook wasn't in the room with the carving knife as he had seemed to be in the bad dream.

Now Zaccai had planned to run away from this place before the Royal Punisher returned, but thinking it over he found he had promised to take care of Kitty Puss and Fido and Mooly Cow until their master came back. So he milked the cow as well as he could, and

took the best bones in the cupboard for Fido, and coaxed Kitty Puss away from a bird's nest.

All that day the Prince was too busy to imagine things about the Lady-in-Waiting and the Castle Dog and the Royal Cook, but when night came the darkness seemed full of their vexation at his naughtiness.

"I'll run away from here when morning comes," he thought.

But when morning came the animals had to be taken care of, and he didn't know where to run away to. Every time he looked into the Big Forest he could seem to see the Royal Cook sharpening the carving knife, and the Lady-in-Waiting ready to spank him with her slipper, and the Castle Dog was barking, barking. Then, too, he had to keep Kitty Puss away from that precious nest where the little birds were.

"I'll wait for the Royal Punisher," Zaccai concluded bravely. "Running away is silly, and I'll have to keep running for always if I keep avoiding the punishment I deserve."

"That's right!" cried the Royal Punisher, who had come into the yard without Zaccai seeing him. "Stand around here and let me switch thy legs well for thy naughtiness."

The Official Switch did hurt Zaccai's legs, but he didn't cry a tear, and when the switching was over he smiled bravely.

"I'm not afraid of anyone now," he said. "And I'm not going to be naughty so this can ever happen again. Could I have one of the very nice bones in thy cupboard to take the Castle Dog?"

"Help thyself," said the Royal Punisher, who was busy putting away the Official Switch. "If thee starts now thee'll reach the Castle before dark."

"But I walked a long, long way to get here," objected Zaccai.

"Thee came a great way around," laughed the Royal Punisher. "The Castle is so near this place that thou can hear the Dog barking while he waits for thee."

Zaccai didn't see anything to be afraid of as he ran along the path toward the Castle. Under one arm he carried the very nice bone for the Castle Dog, and in one hand he carried some flowers for the Lady-in-Waiting, and in the other hand he carried a bunch of savory herbs for the Royal Cook.

Showing the Way

BY H. O. SPELMAN

A RAINDROP fell on a summer day, And ran and ran in a certain way; Two more drops followed in a race, Then others flowed to the selfsame place;

They made a rill, then a little brook; Then a river wide, and so it took Only a raindrop very wee To lead the way to the deep blue sea. A little boy can show the way To live aright in his work and play.



Photograph by Enos C. Pittman

My Comfort

BY HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

When the world acts naughty
And makes me want to cry,
I go and find my Pinky-pups
With flop-ears standing high;
For they're so soft and fuzzy
From toes to tongue so red,
I just can't weep a little bit
But have to smile instead!

Mother-Cat's Adventure

BY MRS. W. D. CARNEY

This is a true incident, told for our readers by one of their friends, now eighty years old, who is herself a reader of *The Beacon*, which she calls "a dear paper that we all prize."

In the home of a young engineer in a western town lived Mother-Cat, with her owner, Dorothy, the engineer's little daughter. In the same home were the engineer's wife and her special pet, a collie. All three were firm friends, and the dog and the cat together often met the engineer's train when he came home from his run.

Mother-Cat was so good a mouser that the neighbors often borrowed her to clear the cellar of the mice that now and then appeared.

Once Mother-Cat was missing for two or three days. She did not appear with Collie when the train came in at night. The neighbors were questioned, but no one had borrowed her or seen her. Dorothy was sad that her pet was not at home, but she could think of nothing more to do. Time passed, but Mother-Cat did not return.

The engineer's run took him to Mason City where he had to spend the night, returning home the next day. One evening, when he was out for a walk in Mason City, he noticed a cat on the other side of the street. Pussy looked forlorn

and neglected, one of the homeless creatures needing to hunt and forage for food to keep alive at all. Yet there was something familiar in her appearance. "That looks like our old Mother-Cat," he thought, and he turned and called her.

She knew his voice and ran to him, rubbing against his legs and purring loudly to show how glad she was to see him again. He bought milk and food for her and kept her in his room that night.

Next day he took her on his engine for his home run. When they reached the town where he lived Mother-Cat was much excited. "She knows she is at home again," the engineer said to himself. So as he slowed down for a crossing he put her down to the ground. She ran "like a streak of lightning," as he afterwards expressed it, and when he reached his home there was Mother-Cat, very happy to be back and enjoying being petted by Dorothy and her mother. Even Rover seemed glad to see her.

How did Mother-Cat get so far from home? Did she follow the engineer, one morning, and take a ride in his train? Did some one carry her away as a joke or to try to keep her in a new place, and did she think so much of her old home and friends that she ran away and tried to find them? No one knows. What we do know is that she recognized her friends after a long absence, knew the town and the house where people had been kind to her, and showed her joy at being home again.

Cheer Scraps

BY Y. K. STODDARD

WILLA and Amy were sitting on the front steps, feeling very lonely. Their playmate, Maggie, had gone away to be gone a whole month.

"It seems as if she went about a year ago," said Amy. "Yes, and it's only a week now. I wonder if she's missing us the way we're missing her," Willa said, sadly. "Oh, dear! I wish there was something we could do—like the fun we have when Maggie's here."

"There's the postman! And he's bringing us a letter. See how he's laughing at us!"

The girls jumped up and ran to meet the man. They came back to the front steps and sat down to open their letter. They were all smiles now. It was from Maggie.

"I was so lonesome," they read. "I didn't know what to do when I first got here. It seemed as if a day would never go by. There are no little girls up here. So I'm playing you are here! And we're gathering 'Cheer Scraps' together. I will send you some of the funniest ones I've gathered already."

"'Cheer Scraps'!" echoed both girls, laying down the letter and looking at the things that Maggie had tucked inside the envelope.

There were some funny pictures cut out of a paper; some little verses; some



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PLEASANT STREET,
SHERBORN, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I am fifteen years of age and I attend the freshman year in Sawin Academy. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School. Our superintendent is Mrs. James. We find she does many things to make the Sunday School happy. Our class in Sunday School won the attendance banner for March and we expect to take a trip. I enjoy reading *The Beacon*. I also wish to be enrolled as a member of the Club.

Yours truly,

LOIS E. HILDRETH.

PROSPECT HARBOR, MAINE,
APRIL 12, 1924.

Dear Miss Buck and Friends of the Beacon Club:—I wonder how many of the club members have their Christmas trees at this late date? My tree has stood in our back yard all winter and I tied windfall apples and bags of suet on it for the birds. My Aunt Alice is going to plant seeds around it and have it a pretty sight with bright flowers and vines twining about it this summer. The same Aunt and I took a walk, a week ago, and brought home some lovely fat pussy willows.

words written on pieces of cardboard. And there was also a queer looking leaf with a comical face marked on it.

The first thing Willa and Amy knew they were laughing heartily.

"Look at the little fat boy trying to stand on his head!" cried Amy.

When they finished giggling at the fat boy, they picked up one of the verses and Willa read,

"See the wild birds on the wing!

Hear the bells that sweetly ring!

When you feel like singing—sing!"

"That's pretty, isn't it?" she asked. "I'm going to learn it. What's that you're looking at, Amy?"

"It's something Maggie has made up, I guess. It says, 'I haven't any money and I haven't any honey but I have lots of very funny, funny fun!'"

All that morning and afternoon Willa and Amy were busy with Maggie's letter and "Cheer Scraps." They read them all over again and again, aloud and to themselves. They showed them to Mother and she went around with a happy smile on her face all the rest of the day. And when Dad came for dinner, they were read again. And they all had a big long laugh together.

"Let's send them to Grandpa and Grandma," Willa proposed when Mother was finishing a letter later in the evening.

So, it may have been because the reminders of Maggie's fun-making were not where the girls could see them next morning—anyway, both of them were again sitting idly on the front steps wondering what they could do.

"Oh, dear! It seems as if the time would never go!" they were saying, when the postman came around the corner.

The snow is about all gone now. I am going to school and am rehearsing for an Easter Concert. I have a piece to speak alone and another in a class and a piece to sing with other girls. All my spare time I am making May baskets. Elsie and Ernestine, my nearest neighbors, play with me a good part of the time.

Sincerely yours,

MIRIAM ALICE COLWELL.

511 POPLAR ST.,
ERIE, PA.

Dear Miss Buck:—I have only been in the Unitarian Sunday School three days, and I would like to become a member of The Beacon Club. Mother and I try to get the puzzles every Sunday in *The Beacon* and we are enclosing one. I am in the 6 "Grade 2" half in school and will be in the Junior High next fall if I pass the tests. I am 9 1-2 years old and was born in Kenosha, Wis., where Mother says you used to be the Unitarian minister. Her stepmother, Mrs. Oliver Cone Hutchinson, was a member of the Alliance and your Browning Club.

Sincerely,

DAVID HUTCHINSON SCULL.

Other new members of our Club are Florence L. Weaver and Doris Warrington, Peterboro, N. H.; Helen Eddy, Cleveland, Ohio; and in Massachusetts—Dorothy Carr, Billerica; Priscilla G. Butterworth, Canton; Roger Stone, Gardner.

That made them think of something. They had the same idea at the same time.

"Cheer Scraps! Let's gather some for Maggie!"

They found some colored pictures in an old old-fashioned book of Mother's and cut them out, and Amy made up some comical names to write under each of them. One was "Miss Willa Applebiter." Another was "Mr. Jimmy Jerseycap." Willa composed a little verse, which began,

"Little Maggie went away

For a whole long month to stay,

And left her playmates very sad

For she was the best friend they had."

They cut out strings of paper-doll babies and made comical faces on them. And then they wrote a nice little letter telling Maggie how happy her "Cheer Scraps" had made everybody and how they were so lonesome they thought they would do what she had been doing.

The month went fast after that. All three little girls were so busy looking for funny things to send in their letters that none of them had time to be dull. When Maggie came home she said:

"There is a sick boy up there. His name is Jimmy Judson. I gave him your first bunch of 'Cheer Scraps' and he laughed so hard at the picture of 'Jimmy Jerseycap' that he began to get well right away."

"And we're sending your 'Cheer Scraps' to the sick little children at the City Hospital," the girls told Maggie.

"Let's keep it up!" exclaimed Amy. "It's lots of fun for everybody."

And so, it looks as though there would never be an end to the happiness Maggie started when she began to be homesick up in the mountains.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXV.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My *whole* is the name of our minister, well known as an author of detective stories.

My 11, 13, 4, 1, 2, is a beacon.

My 8, 13, 10, 4, 14, 3, 5, is a record.

My 7, 12, 10, 9, 6, 14, 11, is a pupil.

DAVID HUTCHINSON SCULL.

ENIGMA LXVI.

I am composed of 14 letters and am a famous English novelist.

My 1, 2, 9, 5, 8, is a son or daughter.

My 10, 2, 9, 1, 11, 12, 13, is a fowl.

My 7, 6, 3, 4, is to dry up or scorch.

My 14 12, 5, 5, is to transfer to another for an equivalent.

SELMA URBAND.

CHARADE.

My *first* you may take when you're ill.

My *second* is not at all high.

My *whole* you would miss

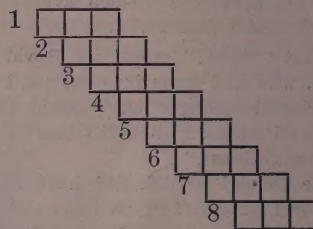
When in sleep's dreamy bliss

On your bed you are ready to lie.

P. R. HAZARD.

STAIR PUZZLE

Fill the blank squares with three-letter words, the last two letters of the first word being the first two letters of the second, and so on.



1. To plant seed.
2. To be in debt.
3. Very small.
4. A fishy creature.
5. An Old Testament prophet.
6. A cover.
7. A girl's name.
8. An Israelite tribe.

E. A. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 31.

ENIGMA LXI.—Constantinople.

ENIGMA LXII.—Laura E. Richards.

HYDRA-HEADED WORDS.—1. Hoc, woe, foe. 2. Mint, hint, tint. 3. Mad, sad, fad. 4. Grace, trace, brace.

TRANSPPOSITIONS:

He *pares* the *pears* with a trusty knife
And *reaps* with a sickle the fields of rye.
The ancient *spear* took many a life
"Spare not!" the haughty foemen cry.

To *parse* these words, grammarians, try.

CHARADE.—Popocatepetl.

WORD SQUARES.—I. OVEN. II. WASH
VALE ARIA
ELLA SIPS
NEAR HASH

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REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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